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THE DOMINION.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

Not in pride the firm foundations
Of an Empire should we lay;
Trusting in the God of Nations,
We would keep our Natal Day;
Trusting that the sacred promise
Made to all those that believe,
Will not now be wrested from us—
"Ask ye and ye shall receive."

Ardent souls to-day are moving
Heaven with prayers from this dear land;
Men whose hearts go forth in loving
Every pebble on its strand.
From New Brunswick's sea-washed harbors
Rolls the prayerful wavelet on,
Through the wild and sunny arbors
Of the far Saskatchewan.

Hear us then, mysterious Power,
God, whom all the earth shall own,
Make this an auspicious hour,
Lay for us the corner stone;
Lift thy hands in blessings o'er us;
Bless us, Lord, from sea to sea,
Pointing to the hopes before us,
And the future yet to be.

Could we leave the past behind us,
Party rancor, priestly strife,
So that every day would find us
Rising to a higher life;
Could we with a stern endeavor
Hand in hand begin the race,
Then among the nations ever
We might hold our lawful place.

Brothers, from whatever far land,
From what clime beneath the sun,
Here, to-day, in this our Norland,
Duty cries we must be one—
One, with hopes that may not falter,
One, with hearts as true as steel,
That no time nor change can alter,
Through all coming woe or weal.

One with her, the mighty Mother,
Britain, from whose loins we sprung;
True to her, to one another,
Proud of her beloved tongue;
Knowing nought but that which lures us
To one sacred common cause;
Holding fast what reassures us;
Guarding well our rights and laws.

Land to which my hopes are clinging,
Proudly as our rivers' swell
Is the voice of Freedom ringing
Round the homes we love so well;
Keep that noble spirit centred
Firm within each loving heart;
From the souls where once it entered
Let it nevermore depart.

But with Truth and Justice banding,
Throned within our council halls,
With its godlike form commanding
Like an angel on the walls;
Terror to the evil-doer,
Friend to Right, and foe to Wrong,
But a sweet and gentle wooer
Where the heart is laid and strong.

Holy Love fill all our bowers,
Gentle Peace imbue the sod;
All the future may be ours,
But to-day belongs to God!
He hath laid our broad foundations,
Leaving us to build thereon;
Lo, we stand among the Nations,
God our living corner-stone.

STORIES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

BY CARROLL RYAN.

No. VI—LA SALLE.

THERE is something exceedingly attractive to youthful minds in the idea of travel and adventure in unknown or unfrequented lands, and, to a bold spirit, there is nothing presents such charms as foreign adventure. At the time to which my present story refers, the most improbable tales found ready credence; and nothing was too absurd or too extravagant to picture the wonders and wealth of the new world. The restless and turbulent spirits, fostered by a chronic state of war in Europe, turned to the new continent as a fresh field wherein they might reap greater renown, and where, instead of beggarly poor pay and hard knocks, they could conquer whole countries and revel on the spoil of nations. To individual enterprise is mainly due the discovery and settlement of this great continent, for the potentates of Europe were ever too much engrossed in their own immediate personal squabbles and ambitions to give any real and tangible aid to the grand object of founding new nations in the West. It was an age of violent extremes, where dominant parties persecuted the minority with unsparing rigor, and the idea of toleration was undreamed of. The frothy scum which ever precedes the great advancing wave of civilization, cast from Europe on the shores of America a class of men of whom we have happily no parallel in the present, except, perhaps, the "Border Ruffians" of the United States; but even these plundering, horse-stealing reprobates, sink into insignificance beside the same class of three centuries ago. The more immediate gratification of the inordinate desire for wealth was the great incentive of most of those merchants and others who undertook to explore the unknown continent; but there were many noble exceptions, men who risked life and fortune for the advancement of civilization and the good of Christianity. History contains many such examples

worthy of all honor, of such was Robert Cavalier, Sieur de la Salle, whose brave spirit, romantic career, and melancholy death gave, perhaps, the most instructive lesson found in many such to be read in the lives of the pioneers of our country.

La Salle was the inheritor of a noble name, with but small fortune to support it, but he was endowed with a daring and energetic spirit, fitted to cope with difficulty and overcome obstacles insurmountable to lesser souls. In the untrodden paths of the new world he hoped to achieve that wealth and fame which would retrieve the delapidated fortunes of his family, and among the many thousands who have sought the great prizes of life on the shores of America, there was none possessed of more daring and lofty spirit than La Salle. Understanding from the accounts given by Father Marquette, whom Charlevoix describes as, *un des plus illustres missionnaires de la Nouvelle France*, he conceived the idea of finding his way to China and Japan through the great rivers and lakes of the west. In his first attempt to open his way to the far east by going west, he got no farther than about nine miles from Montreal, which place received in derision the name of La Chine, and it has borne it ever since, and this name, whose origin is hardly known to the people who dwell there, is the only relic of the brave but unfortunate La Salle. In a subsequent attempt, however, our adventurer succeeded in penetrating to the head of Lake Michigan, where, like that prince of vagabonds Ulysses, he was near having to do battle, if not for a pound of kid's fry, for an old coat which was stolen by the savages and divided amongst their tribe, as is done with the *haik* of a returned Hadji in Morocco as a charm against *Shittim* the Evil One. There is nothing which so well indicates the savage instincts of humanity as the propensity for personal decoration; the lady who suspends from the lobes of her ear curiously wrought bits of gold, and the gentleman who hangs from his button hole a bunch of unmeaning amulets, merely indicate, by their style and number, to the observing philosopher, how far they have

Santa Anna was still imprisoned. Nothing definite was known in regard to his fate.